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1908

J. G. Chaplin —

With the Esteem

and homage of

the Author

2/19/07.

Fred K. Hardaway

DEDICATED TO

THE LADIES OF VICKSBURG

WITH THE SINCERE HOMAGE
OF THE AUTHOR

"Miss Lillie."

"Miss Lillie"

A True Story of the Southland

BY

Frederick S. Mordaunt

AND

Gleanings From the Wayside of Hearts and Thoughts

Chicago
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"Miss Lillie"

A True Story

"You, Rastus! If ebber I cotch yer er pokin' yo' good fer nutin' tongue outern yo' brack mouf at dat chile ergin, I'll tek er stick an' plow de fuz offern yo' back. I'm gwine ter hab trubble wid yer yit, boy, 'deed I is, if yer don't larn what 'specterbility is, an' larn ter treat yo' betters wid differdence."

I was passing along one of the back streets of Vicksburg when the foregoing utterance attracted my attention to an old "black aunty," perhaps sixty-five years of age, who was leaning over the half-decayed fence that stood in front of a shack of a house which looked as though its best days might have been some time "befoh de wah."

Glancing in the direction in which she had sent her ejaculation, I saw a diminutive darkey leaning

against a tree, looking as meek as Moses, while coming toward the old woman was a bright-faced, golden-haired little girl, perhaps eight years old. I paused, involuntarily, to see what might follow.

"De Lawd bress de chile," said the old darkey as little Golden Head came nearer; "yer looks jes' like er ray o' sunshine er breckin' fro' de clouds, so yer does. Yer ain't done fergit yo' old brack mammy, is yer? Yer comes ever' day jes' as reg'lar ter fro yo' arms 'roun'd de ole woman's neck an' tell 'er howdy, jes' same as yo' ma uster do, Gord love 'er!"

I grew interested. I had heard so often from my people of the devotion, and in my early life had seen so much of this idolatry of these dear old black women for the children of their former masters and mistresses, that somehow I was anxious to learn the story of something of this kind from the lips that, though they might speak crudely, yet could tell the story in their own true way. And thus it was that, a moment later, I was standing by the little gate that was swung open as the old woman grasped the child in her arms and covered her face with kisses.

Aunt Sophie and Miss May.

"You seem quite fond of the little girl," I ventured to remark, as the old woman paused in her osculatory exercise.

"Fond of 'er," replied she; "I love dis chile more 'n if she war my own flesh. Dar ain't nuffin' gwine tech 'er fur ter hawm one o' dem pieces o' gold in day head if 'er old mammy's erbout. Git erway fum dar, Boze! Yer ole nose ain't good 'nuff ter tech de shoes o' this heah angel." This last ejaculation was directed at a gaunt and hungry looking old hound that had come around the corner of the house and was seeking recognition at the hands of the child.

"And who is the little one?" I asked.

"Who is she, sah? Dat's all I'se got lef' o' Miss Lillie. Dat's 'er baby, God bless 'er sweet face an' afo' Miss Lillie died she done tuk dese old brack han's in hern, an' er-lookin' up in my eyes, whar de tears done streaming fum like de water fum er sprinklin' can, she sez, 'Aunt Sophie, you'll tek keer o' my baby, won't yer?' An' I tol' 'er as how I would an' I'm er-trying my bes' ter do it, jes' same 's if 'er ma wuz heah.

"I nussed 'er ma long afore she wuz big as Miss

May, wat I got in my arms heah. De day Miss Lillie wuz borned de old cunnel—him wuz 'er paw —called me up fum de quarters, an' he sez, sez he: 'Sophie, dar 's yo' mistus; I'm gwine give yer to 'er an' I want yer ter watch 'er more'n if she b'longed ter yer.' An' so I did. I uster nuss 'er in my arms till she got too big ter nuss, an' den I uster tote 'er books ter school, 'bout er mile fum home. We all wuz livin' out on de plantashun den, 'bout six miles out fum dis town, an' de school house were 'bout a mile down de road from we all's house. Dat wuz away yander afo' de army comed fru. I tel yer, sah, dem wuz good days, an' we wuz all jes' as happy as folks could be. De ole cunnel seemed like dar warn't none on 'em wat had mo' money, an' mo' hosses, an' mo' niggers dan him, an' dey all loved 'im more 'n anybody else.

"An' all dem niggers jes' natchully wurship de very groun' Miss Lillie walkt on; dey jes' 'bout thought dar warn't nuffin' good 'nuf fer 'er. She uster come down ter de quarters an' de piccaninnies uster git all erbout 'er, look at 'er and dey'd bring out roas' taters on er fork an' giv' 'em to 'er, an'

anythin else wat dey had. 'Twas all hern, sah; all hern, kaze dey 'lowed she war de queen.

"Well, de way dat chile did grow war scan'lous; jes' like er gimpsun weed in de corner of er ole corn fiel'; and de fust thing I know'd de ole cunnel 'lowed as how she gotter go 'way an' finish 'er book larnin'. She warn't gone more 'n four years, but seemed like more 'n ten—we alls missed 'er so.

"Well, byemby she com'd ergin jes' as sweet an' natchul as only Queen Lillie—dat's wat de black chillun uster call 'er all de time—jes' as sweet an' natchul as she could be; an' fum de mawnin' she come'd in an' frowed 'er white arms 'round dis heah ole neck hit jes' seemed ter me ebery day wuz Christmus; din' seems like de sun shined bright ef we all didn't see 'er face de fust thing in de mawnin'; an' der warn't nary er teeter-bird in de hedges wat had er voice haf so sweet as hern.

"I disremember how long 'xactly 'twere arter Miss Lillie comed home afore Mars Ervin comed 'roun' dar an' 'gin pouring love in her ears. He war fum de norf, an' wuz a buyin' we all's cotton. I didn't nuver took much fancy fer Mars Ervin, an' somehow when he come smilin' 'round Miss Lillie

I 'gin ter git oneasy-like; I ain't nuver knowed why I feel datter way, but I got kinder skeered an' oneasy-like, jes' same as er chicken does when er hawk 'gin sailin' 'roun' in de sky, or er frog does when er stump-tail moccasin 'gins crawlin' 'roun' on de edge o' de swamp.

"I didn't nuver say nuffin' 'bout it to de ole cunnel, but when I said suffin' 'bout how I felt ter Miss Lillie, she jes' frowed 'er arms 'roun' me, an' lookin' in my face wid dem great big blue eyes o' her, she said as how I didn't 'xactly understan' it. Mebbee I didn't, but fum what I seed arter dat, an' when I looked at dat moun' over yonder what de cedars seems all de time tryin' ter bend dar heads down an' kiss, I got er s'picion dat I did.

"Hit went on like dat fer some time, an' den one day dey had er gran' weddin' up to de big house, an' Miss Lillie an' Mars Ervin stan' up dar in de parlor, an' de preacher he ax 'em would dey hab one 'nuther fer good an' all de time, an' dey say dey would. When he ax Mars Ervin would he love 'er an' keep 'er an' tek keer o' 'er when she war sick or well, an' he 'lowed he would, hit jes' seemed ter me as how he warn't tellin' jes' 'xactly de truf,

an' I 'lowed ter mysef as how he better, lessen dar 'd be trubble wid de ole cunnel, fur he sartinly wuz wrapped up in dat chile—not jes' for 'er sweet sef, but I 'spect 'twuz kaze she war de dead sper't o' 'er ma, what died some time afore dat, an' seemed like de ole cunnel mos' broke his heart er mournin' fer 'er; an' he uster sit an' talk ter Miss Lillie 'bout de time when he'd see 'er up yander 'mong de angels.

"An' den Mars Ervin took Miss Lillie up to de norf, whar he say he want his folks ter see 'er. Seemed like he more proud o' her than we all wuz; but he warn't, kaze as how he couldn't be. Dar warn't much sunshine roun' we all's house arter Miss Lillie lef' us; jes' seemed like de ole place done turn inter er graveyawd, an' dar warn't nuffin' 'bout it like dar uster wuz. De birds didn't nuver come an' sit in de cedars, nigh de sittin' room winder, an' sing all day long; de grass didn't seem ter grow so green on de lawn in front o' de house; de roses didn't seem ter hole up de heads an' look bright like, an' de big draps o' dew what fell on 'em in de mawnin' looked jes' like great big tears er standin' on dey cheeks, 'stead o' lookin' like diamon's on er piece o' welvet, like dey uster when

she'd go out in de mawnin', afore de sun wuz up, an' pick er bunch on 'em ter put by de ole cunnel's plate, so's dey'd look kinder cheerful like when he'd come down fo' breakfus'. An' ole Boze dar, dat same ole houn', uster lay 'roun' onder de winder o' de room whar she uster sleep, an' howl an' moan mos' all night, 's though he know'd de sarpent done cotch de dove, an' he jes' er tryin' ter tell we all 'bout it. I knowed it, dough, kaze I sed so ter Torm when he 'lowed ole Boze war howlin', kaze he war too lazy ter walk 'roun', an' he want somebody ter come an' walk 'roun' fer 'im. But I know'd ole Boze better 'n Torm did, kaze he an' Miss Lillie growed up tergether, right tied ter my aprin' string.

"Well, de time didn't do nuffin' but drag erlong fer 'bout two years. De fus' year de ole cunnel uster git long letters fum Miss Lillie, an' he uster tell me dat she war gittin' 'long so nice wid dem folks up dar in de norf, an' dat she comin' home byemby ter see we all. But she didn't nuver say when byemby wuz er comin'. An' den de letters 'gin ter drap off, an' wat did come wuz shorter an'

"The Colonel."

sorts solum like, an' 'peared ter me dat I could mos' see places on 'em whar tears done fell.

"Dey didn't nuver say nuffin' 'bout Mars Ervin, nutter, an' de ole cunnel 'lowed as how dat wuz funny, an' he didn't 'xactly understand it. An' it went on dat er way fur 'bout er year, an' den one day dar comed er letter wat almos' broke de ole cunnel's heart. 'Twarn't more 'n er few words, but it seemed ter soun' jes' like de music wat yer hears at er funeral, an' it made my heart drap like er lump o' lead. Hit jes' said: 'I'se er comin' home ter die, an' ter be buried on de hillside by de ole cedars, whar de mockin' birds sing ebery day, 'longside my angel mudder, an' whar de sunshine kin kiss de vilets wat will grow arter erwhile over bofe on us.'

"'Twarn't no use er tryin' ter comfort de ole cunnel den, sah, fer he jes' sot an' rock'd hesef to an' fro wid he face in he han's, an' hes white har lookin' like de snow. An' jes' seemed like he didn't want ter live no longer. An' he nuver move out'n he char fur two long days an' two long nights, an' when de lamp on de table frow'd its pale light 'roun' de room, seemed like it falled on nuffin' 'ceptin'

de gose o' ole marster, an' dat he war only waitin' fer de call ter go an' jine Miss Lillie's ma on de odder side o' de ribber.

"An' den Miss Lillie comed home; ole Torm fotched 'er home fum de kars in de kerrige, an' when he drove up in front o' de house I went out ter meet Miss Lillie. Torm kinder lookt at me sorrerful like afore he open de kerrige doo', an' said, kinder sorf like: 'Sophie, 'tain't Queen Lillie wat's comed home, hit's 'er gose'. An' den he open de doo' an' I mos' had ter carry 'er in de house, she so weak an' trimblin' like. De ole cunnel war in de sittin' room, kaze he so ole an' bin grievin' so much he too weak ter git up an' go ter de front doo' ter meet 'er. An' when I tooked Miss Lillie inter dat ar room he jes' look up an' de tears jes' er crowdin' one 'nuther outen his ole eyes, an' he couldn' speak er word, an' she jes' went over ter whar he wuz er sittin', an' sinked down onto 'er knees right in front o' him, an' frowed 'er arms 'roun' hes neck, an' laid 'er head on hes bres', an' jes' say as how she war so tired, so tired.

"'Twar in de ebenin' den, an' de sun war jes er creepin' down in de wes', an' de gold lines peeped

Home Coming of Miss Lillie.

fro' de clematis wat growed 'roun' de winder, an' falled ercross de room right whar dey wuz, an' seemed ter shimmer like on de silver har' o' de ole cunnel, an' ter kiss de white, pale face o' dat chile, jes' like Gord war puttin' Hes blessin' on de angel, an' pourin' Hes 'nointment on 'er afore He called 'er up ter Him, whar she wouldn't be tired no mo'. I never seed sucher pictur' in all my borned days, sah, 'deed I didn't, an' I knowed right den dat we warn't gwine to have Miss Lillie long, an' dat de Lawd done made up His mind dat dis heah world warn't no place few er angel like dat, an' he dun need 'er up dar in Heaven, whar she b'long sho' 'nuff.

"Hit jes' seem fum dat minit like she gwin' right erway fum us ergin, sah, goin' right erway fum us ergin on er journey dat she warn't nuver comin' back fum. Ebery time I lookt in 'er face I could see de fros' don' tech de lily, an' 'twar passin' erway. De sprin'time wuz gone fum 'er life, an' dar warn't no mo' flowers bloomin' fer 'er dar, an' de sorrer seemed ter be jes' er moanin' fro' 'er heart, like de wind moans fro' de pines when de winter comes.

"'Twar de nex' week when de doctor tole de ole

cunnel dat Miss Lillie war gwine ter lef' us, an' I stood 'longside de bed er holdin' one o' 'er hands, an' de ole cunnel wuz down on hes knees on t'other side o' de bed, an' er sobbin' mos' like hes heart would break. An' Miss Lillie jes' reached over t'other han' an' laid hit sorf an' gentle like on de ole white head, an' say, her voice low an' sweet, er-soundin' mos' like er angel's song er comin' fro' de clouds straight fum heaven, she sez: 'Doncher cry, faddeh, I know hit's hard fur yo' an' me ter say good-by, but 'twon't be fur long. We gwine ter meet ergin over yander, whar we kin bofe on us lay our heads on de breas' o' de blessed Saviour, wid mamma, an' whar we won't nuver have no mo' trouble an' no mo' tears. I'se tried so hard ter be brave an' bar all de trouble w'at He hab pleased ter put 'pon me, kaze He knows bes'. I don't want yer ter think hard o' Edward (dat war Mars Ervin she war 'ludin' ter den), kaze 'twarn't no fault o' his'n, I guess. When he tuk me 'way fum heah he thought he loved me, an' I guess he tried so hard fer er year ter be good ter me, an' den he went erway, 'thout sayin' er word, 'ceptin' leavin' er note sayin' as how he warn't comin' back no mo'.

'Twarn't hes fault, I guess; I 'spec' as how I warn't good 'nuff, an' bright 'nuff fer ter please hes folks up dere in de norf, an' he muster got 'shamed o' his little girl wot he brot fum de souf. But I want yer ter promise me dat you'll sen' fur my little May, my precious baby, wat I had ter lef up dar when I comed home ter die. Oh, hit seems so hard ter die 'thout my baby's arms 'roun' my neck an' 'thout havin' er good-by kiss fum 'er baby lips, when I'm gwine on sech er long, long journey. Tell 'er when she gits older dat 'er mother's las' bref wuz er blessin' fer 'er, an' say ter 'er as how she mus' be er good girl an' git ready ter meet me over yander, in de city wid de pearly gates an' de golden streets, whar we will see an' know each udder ergin.'

"An' den she looked up sorter pleadin' like in my face an' sed: 'Aunt Sophie, you'll tek keer o' my baby, won't yer?' Jes' like I tole yer erwhile ergo.

" De ole cunnel nuver say er word, but she knowed his heart wuz jes' so full o' grief dat he couldn't speak; hes cup o' sorrer war runnin' over sho' 'nuff.

"And den she nuver speak no mo', but waited

jes' as quiet an' gentle while de stream o' her life flowed on ter de verge o' de great sea o' 'ternity. Dar war er smile o' peace an' contentment on 'er face, an' I knowed as how de Lawd had done dipped Hes finger in de incense o' glory an' 'nointed 'er soul. Hit didn't need no purifyin', fer 'twar purified when she war borned; life hadn't been sweet to 'er an' I could see fum dat holy smile dat lit up 'er angel face dat 'er soul was rejoicin' at de change dat wuz er-comin'.

"An' in 'bout ten minutes hit camed. She lips jes' moved so quiet like, pernouncin' some words we couldn't make out, an' den dey parted so peaceful like wid a smile dat seemed ter reflec' de glory dat 'er soul wuz catchin' fum away off, an' den dem big, sof' blue eyes closed slowly, an' wid jes' er little flutterin' sigh she went ercross de great ribber an' foun' de peace dat didn't bide wid 'er in life.

"An' jes' as dat white spirit winged away fum de body an' lef' us on'y de house o' clay w'at it been bidin' in while 'twar on earth, de ole cunnel stopped hes moanin' an' wuz so silent an' still like. Er few minutes arter dat de doctor tech 'im on de shoulder an' say, sorf an' low, like he war feered he gwine ter

Death of Miss Lillie.

wake up de angel fum de long sleep what she gone inter, 'Come, cunnel, yer mus' go an' res'.' But de ole cunnel didn't mek no answer, an' den we lif' 'im up, an' de white head jes' drap down on he ches' an' hes han's hung limp by hes side, an' den we knowed dat de two spirits what had loved each other so much in dis life had done jined han's er minit afor' an' gone tergether ter meet Miss Lillie's ma, w'at bofe on 'em been grievin' fer so long.

"Dat's been er long time gone, sah, but if you'll step over dar whar you see dat bunch o' cedars growin' on de slope, w'at faces toward de wes', you'll see free moun's whar we done laid de cunnel an' Miss Lillie 'long side o' 'er ma. An' when de sun sets in de ebenin' hit seems ter fall softer dar dan anywhar else, an' seems ter be er richer gold color; an' de grass grow greener dar, an' de vilets blooms sweeter, an' de birds sits in de cedars ebery ebenin' an' sings dar sweetest little vesper songs, an' de whipperwills call so mournful like, 's though they knows er angel's sleepin' dar.

"'Twarn't more 'n er week afore Miss Lillie's cousin, dat's Mars George, w'at's 'er lawyer in dis heah town, and' w'at 'tended to all de ole cunnel's

business, went ter de norf an' brung Miss May heah, and she' bin livin' wid 'im ebber sence. An' all w'at de ole cunnel had b'longs ter her, an' dough she mighty rich an' mighty purty, she don' nuver forgit 'er ole brack mammy w'at nuss 'er ma, an' nuss 'er, too, an' keered fer 'er till 'bout er year ergo."

FINIS

Part II

Gleanings

From the Wayside of Hearts and Thoughts

Selected at Random

BY

F. S. M.

"A TOAST TO DIXIE"

By Thos. Arnold.

(Dedicated to his friend, Frederick S. Mordaunt.)

Tho' war's dread dogs are chained at last,
And arms are stacked, and bugle blast
Is heard no more upon the field,
Bidding the boys in gray to yield;
Though years have flown since in the dust
A nation's name and hopes were thrust,
And all her sons gave up their fight,
Completely conquered; still tonight
I pledge my love to "Dixie."

I could not come from that fair clime,
Where mocking birds keep rhythmic time
To bubbling springs, whose liquid song
Makes music sweet the whole day long;
Where white magnolias, kissed with dew,
Distill their fragrance and no true
Man lives who does not learn to love
The pure and sweet, and never prove
Untrue in aught to "Dixie."

There's not a name beneath the skies
That more to southern heart implies
Of constancy and beauty, too,
Of all things that are pure and true.
There's sweetest magic in the word
That touches such a tender chord,
And bids the heart throb once again
To that revered and sacred strain;
God bless our own dear "Dixie."

I trust I act no traitor's part
Because within my loyal heart
I hold her name a hallowed theme
Of very reverence. I but deem
You all her slaves, so fill each glass,
And let a love-born token pass.
So be you blue or be you gray,
Let us tonight in chorus say:
"We drink the health of Dixie."

"GO TO MY FATHER"

"Go to my father," was all she said;
She knew that I knew her father was dead,
She knew that I knew the gay life he had led,
And she knew that I knew where he was when she said
" Go to my father."

THE INVESTIGATOR

I

Yes, I'm a vegetarian (between meals, understand);
I'm proud to be included with the "no-life-taking" band.
Instead of eating creatures that have hoofs or claws or wings
Or shells or fins, I'd rather dine on cabbages and things.
Ah, yes; in theory, at least, this notion is complete,
But when I'm hungry,—hang your greens! I've got to have some meat.

II

I am a mental scientist (when I am well and strong);
It's such a lofty pleasure just to know that I belong
With those that do not have to take those nasty little pills,
But through the strength of thinking things can banish all their ills.
Ah, yes; the mind is everything; but, mind you, when I'm sick,
A good, old-fashioned doctor comes to my house double quick.

III

In politics, you can infer, I'm independent quite
(When there is no election near). I stand for truth and right.
I care not what the label is, it's all the same to me:
I'm not the sort of man to wear a party collar. See?
It's principle I'm after; yes, sirree; that's it. But, wait:
Election day I always vote the same old ticket "straight."

Nixon Waterman.

"THE WEED AND THE ROSE"

A little weed grew at the foot of a rose,
They both breathed the soft summer air;
The little weed sighed when it looked at the rose
For the rose was so tall and fair.

At sunset the little weed tremblingly spoke
And told of its love for the rose,
But the rose did not hear, for the language of weeds
Is a language a weed only knows.

Then the little weed wept, bathed the fair rose's feet,
The rose was refreshed for the night;
The song of the morning birds brought it to life
And it lifted its head to the light.

And later it grew, its green leaves spread wide
Till they shut out the sunlight and air.
And the little weed died at the foot of the rose
And the rose never knew it was there.

"OFTEN OF AN EVENING DREARY."

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.

Written from a past experience, March, 1903.

I

Often of an evening dreary,
while she's sitting
weak and weary,
With her eyes intently
wandering, from her
caller to the door,
Suddenly there has come
a flopping, one by one
and without stopping
As of something gently
dropping, dropping on
the upper floor—.
"'T'is pa's shoes," she said
explaining, "dropping
on his chamber floor—
Only that and nothing
more."

II

When upon the gate post
leaning, without
thought or hidden meaning,
She had let the neighbors
see her, and go
home and talk it o'er—
As that gate was dully
creaking, naught
she knew what
they were speaking
'Till the news came,
slowly leaking, leaking
'round her more and more,
"'T'is a go"—they fondly
uttered, speaking
though they knew no more,
"We have seen it long
before."

III

Vainly did she oft deny
it—"But a senseless
little lie it"—
Yet they laughed in
meaning fashion and
her men friends all
got sore—
One by one they were
retreating, even tho
she kept repeating
And at every meeting—
meeting, where 'twas
such a bore—
"'T'is not true" she kept re-
peating—"please believe
me, I implore—
We are friends—and nothing
more."

IV

Then the maiden, sitting
lonely, thought
how different now
if only,
She had stayed home from
some parties and
some theatres galore.
He had gone—for she had
told him,
she's his friend
but nothing more.
And she knew from
past revealings,
other "friends" had
flown before,
And they came back
—never more.

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of it all? I said
As we sat in the argent afterglow,
All are dying who are not dead,
And unto the end it will be so.
Love, and the one you love will pass
In blooming beauty, some dark mid-day,
To fatten the grave worms under the grass.
Yet this is a jolly old world you say!
Build, and the Temple you build will fall,
Frieze and pillar and altar stone.
Over its ruins will reptiles crawl,
And the ivy wave in the winds that moan.
Work, and the gold you work to win,
That you toil and struggle and worry to save,
Is spent in folly and shame and sin,
When you are dust in a dreamless grave.
You may capture the laurel leaves of fame,
Where they bourgeon out of the blood of men.
Conquer a nimbus for your name
By the magical power of the pen.
But the garlands of glory will pass away
And thy name be lost in the dim dumb years.
Where are the heroes ere Adam's day,
Their flaming thoughts and their flashing spears?
They prate of a phantom world afar
Beyond the mold and the marble urn,
Beyond the fire of the furthest star
Where life is immortal and love eterne.
But I am no dupe of their priestly dreams,
They know of nothing that is to be,

The light that out of their heaven streams
Is the selfsame light that shines on me!
I hear the voices they hear and I
See every sign that they behold!
But dumb as death is stainless sky,
Invisible are the gates of gold.
Through the sum and sweep of the countless years
Humbly at many a countless shrine
Men and women have shed their tears
Or quaffed to the lees communion wine.
They have stormed the sky with their passion cry,
For hope, or justice or mercy here,
Prayed that their darlings might never die,
Prayed with many a sob and tear.
But never a gleam of glory fell
In splendor athwart the altar stone,
And nothing was heard but the passing bell
Smiting the air with its awful tone.
Folly! for never an answer came,
And never an arrow was turned away;
It sped to its beautiful mark the same
Whether they prayed or scorned to pray.

From cradle to coffin we struggle and seek
'Till the fugitive years of our lives are past;
And whether our lot be blessed or bleak
We are tossed like dogs to the worms at last.

What is the use of it all I say,
Why are we brought from the blank unknown
To weep and to dance through the live long day
That drifts us under a burial stone?

—Will Hubbard Kernan.

. . . And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a multilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of system which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forests, yielding shades and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Always remember this all your life, no matter what happens to you: a man is never defeated until the very last shot is fired.

"And remember this, too: that even if he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart."

WOMAN

Tradition Says There Was a Scarcity of Solid Elements at the Time of Her Creation

At the beginning of time, Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself as follows:

He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwining of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rosevine and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf, and the glance of the fawn, the gaiety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle-dove. He united all these and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man.

Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my

existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill."

And Twashtri received the woman again.

But eight days later the man came again to the god and said:

"My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, and she played with me, clung to me."

And Twashtri returned the woman to him.

Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best."

And the man cried: "I cannot live with her!"

"Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri.

And the man was sorrowful, murmuring: "Woe is me! I can neither live with nor without her."

—Translated from an old Sanscrit book entitled "The Surging of the Ocean of Time."

SIX WEEKS

I

Perhaps you have read the novel "Three Weeks"—
  The marvel from cover to cover,
Well, I am afraid the six weeks I stayed
  In Chicago were just such another.

II

Don't literally take the remark I just made;
  It's not true, no more is it right;
For the times that I had were truly not bad,
  But highly respectable, quite.

III

I was privately wined and publicly dined,
  All seemed to think it a pleasure;
For a visit that's fine, well—Chicago for mine—
  'T'is a memory I always shall treasure.

IV

I traveled by trolley, by train and by "L"—
  In cabs and an automobile;
In fact, I tried everything but a balloon—
  I'm wondering how that would feel.

V

Do you think I could miss any date that I had?
I was present at all that occurred,
Excepting a wedding, and if there's one on
I'll return if you just say the word.

VI

The Annex, the Stratford, the dear "C. A. A.,"
The Union, the Chinese café,
The Hofbräu and Rector's, the old College Inn,
Do you wonder I lengthened my stay?

VII

Elsie Janis, Aunt Mary, the Hour so Witching,
The Matinee Pet, Otis Skinner,
The Kokomo man who wandered from home,
The "Widow," Ah! she was a winner.

VIII

Grand Opera, and even the Vaudeville shows—
Every theatre came in for its share,
The great Paderewski played Chopin and Bach
And gave me a lock of his hair.

IX

This excitement, of course, had to end—
So I packed with a tear in my eye,
And I boarded the train of the Boston Baked Bean
After many a solemn good-bye.

X

How much I appreciate all that was done
For me by the people out West,
Only time can reveal, but this I will say:—
In my friends I'm especially blest.

XI

So it's back to the woods, the peace and the quiet,
To the village of Newton Centre
Where the Cobbler speaks French and the Butcher
reads Greek,
The Conductor shakes hands as you enter.

XII

They never heard of the Pompeian Room,
They'd shudder at Mumm's "Extra Dry,"
But to lead such a life so free from all strife
Well—we'll be 99 when we die.

XIII

Alas and alack, it was ever thus,
But don't waste your pity on me;
The ones that are free would like to be bound,
And the ones that are bound would be free.

XIV

And since I've returned to the man I love best
We've agreed upon one thing forever—
That freedom is all very well for a while,
But our happiest times are together.

—Ode by a Boston Lady.

JESUS UNTO MARY

On the Tenth Christmas

By Chester Firkins

"Why came the angels, Mother dear,
Upon the night when I was born?"
"Perchance sweet Heaven was forlorn,
Thou being here."

"And were they beautiful to see?
Say o'er the tale the shepherds told."
"Ay, they were robed in shining gold;
They sang of thee."

"And was not that a wondrous thing—
That holy choirs cried my birth?"
"Nay; to all mothers of the Earth
Bright angels sing."

"But yet, thou sayest, from the skies
Strange fires wreathed my brow with gold."
"Yea, miracles are manifold
To mother-eyes."

"When I within a manger lay,
Why came great kings from distant lands?"
"They did but kiss thy baby hands,
Upon their way."

"Didst thou not tell me that a star
Shone on their path with wondrous light?"
"Oh, little son, 't is late;—good night—
Dreams bear thee far."

"Oh, Mother, there is in my heart
A dream I may not understand."
"Sleep; thou shalt roam in Samarcand,
And Sidon's mart."

"Nay, I shall hear the Heavens call:
'O Son of God! Go forth! Redeem!'"
"My son, that is indeed a dream
Most strange of all."

"They call me, Mother, when I sleep,
Or when I wake, or when I play."
("God, give me but another day
My boy to keep.")

"What say'st thou, Mother? Must I fare
Alone into the darkness? I?"
("He is so little, God,—I cry!—
Earth's woe to bear!")

"Yea, I must follow; even now
The angel voices speak my name."
("Again, I see, the holy flame
Doth gird his brow!")

"Yet, Mother, I am sore afraid;
Oh, let me bide a little while."
"Whom God hath called for earthly trial,
His course is laid."

"Mother, I see an angry throng;
The face of Death upon me stares."
"I give thee to the God who cares
For weak and strong."

"I go,—and yet, within my heart,
The wholly human hunger cries."
"Sweet, those who meet in Paradise
Shall never part."

OLD AGE THOUGHTS

By Victor Hugo.

"The death of a just man is like
the end of a beautiful day."

"There are no occult forces. There are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth from out of my chaos. I make books which are creations; I feel in myself the future life; I am like a forest which has more than once been cut down—the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous

when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal Spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts, in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

The above says Houssaye, the poet's friend, is part of an impromptu speech by Victor Hugo in answer to some atheists, and at a time when Hugo showed no sign of old age.

EXPERIENCE

By Harry H. Kemp

In the north, where leagues of forest sag beneath the plumy snow,
I've worked with lurching-shouldered lumbermen;
I've seen the small, gray fishing fleets beat out with lifting bow
Toward the foggy coasts of Labrador again;
I've plucked the purple, swollen grape beside the Great Blue Lake,
And gathered pungent hops from off the vine;
I have watched the water swirling in a clumsy ore-boat's wake,
Laden down with dusty riches from the mine;
I've seen the mad steer plunge and fall beneath the sledge's stroke
In packing-houses by the turbid Kaw;
I have rotted three long months in a steel-barred Texan jail
And felt the bitter mockery of law;
I have fed the myriad-headed grain into the toothed machine
Which tramples loud with wild interior feet;
I have seen the Kansas plains carpeted with soft, young corn
And garmented with glory of the wheat;
I have camped in California by the shoreward-heaving sea,
And have walked Manhattan's pavements all night long—
But the lives I've lived and suffered gave me more than poverty:
They paid me in the golden coin of song;
They paid me in song's golden coin, those days were never lost;
Tho' I had died an hundred deaths, it well were worth the cost,
For I beheld America; Her sunrise kissed my brow . . .
I learned to know the miracle of living Here and Now.

THE DISAPPOINTED

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted,
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain,
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain today.

And I know the Solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

CHESTER—

True story by Harry Hewett

Rhyme by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Sitting alone by the window,
Watching the moonlit street,
Bending my head to listen
To the well known sound of your feet;
I have been wondering, darling,
How I could bear the pain
When I watch with sighs and tear-wet eyes
And wait for your coming in vain.

For I know the day approaches
When your heart will tire of me,
When by the door and gate I may watch
For a form I will not see;
When the love that is now my heaven,
And the kiss that makes my life,
You will bestow on another,
And that other will be your wife.

You will grow weary of sinning,
Tho' you do not call it so,
You will long for a love that is purer
Than the love we two have known.
God knows I have loved you dearly
With a passion strong and true,
But you will grow tired and leave me
Tho' I gave up all for you.

I was as pure as the morning
When I first looked on your face,
I knew I could never reach you
In your high exalted place;
But I looked and loved and worshiped
As a flower might worship a star,
And your eyes shown down upon me
But you seemed so far, so far.

And then, well then, you loved me,
You loved me with all your heart,
But we could not stand at the altar,
We were too far apart.
If a flower should wed a star,
The star must drop from the sky;
As the flower in trying to reach it
Would drop on its stem and die.

But you said you loved me, darling,
And swore by the heavens above
That God and his angels
Would sanction and bless our love.
Oh, I was weak, not wicked,
My love was pure and true,
And sin in itself seemed a virtue
If only shared with you.

We have been happy together,
Tho' under a cloud of sin,
But I know a day approaches
When my chastening must begin.
You have been faithful and tender
But you will not always be,
And I think I had better leave you
While your thoughts are kind of me.

I know my beauty is fading,
Sin furrows the fairest brow,
And I know your heart will weary
Of the face you smile upon now.
You will take your wife to your bosom
After you've turned from me,
You will sit with your wife in the moonlight
And hold her child on your knee.

Oh, God, I could not stand it,
It would madden my brain I know,
And while you love me dearly
I think I had better go.
It is sweeter to feel, my darling,
To know as I fall asleep
That someone will mourn and miss me
That someone is left to weep;

Than to die as I would in the future,
To drop in the street some day,
Unknown, unwept and forgotten
After you cast me away.
Perhaps the blood of the Savior
Can wash my garments clean,
Perhaps I may drink of the water
That flows through pastures green;

Perhaps we may meet in heaven
And walk in the streets above,
With nothing to grieve or part us
Since our sinning was all through love.
God says "Love one another,"
And yet he will send to hell
The soul of a woman
Because she loved and fell.

And so in the morning he found her,
He found her beautiful clay,
Lifeless and pale as marble
For the spirit had blown away.
The farewell words she had written
She held to her cold white breast
And the buried blade of a dagger
Told how she had gone to rest.

LINES TO A FRIEND

I will now then my troubles unfold,
You must know—it's been cold.
But I'm sure when my story's been told
Kindly treated I've been, you will say,
By a man of the name of Mordaunt,
Who is so—so gallant;
A really, truly Lord Launt,
Whose presence now makes us so gay.
The morning was fresh—the wind blew—
How it blew! the car through,
And it started my "tic doloreux"
Which I caught on last Saturday eve.
So I said "Now please close up the door
At the fore—Mr. Mor—"
And he gallantly sprang to the floor
And started my fears to relieve.
So the front door he closed up so neat,
Very neat—what a treat!
And gravely returned to his seat,
With a bow and a wave of his hand.
Next he spoke to the man who could smoke—
Says "I'll choke—you old moke,
I'm ashamed of you very rude folk
Who ride in the cars in this land."
All hail to Sir Mordaunt! we say,
He so gay—all the way,
May he prosper until he is gray
Is the feeling of all now on board.
May he get the plantation he craves,
The horses—dogs—"tout le menage"
And live on to a happy old age
Our genial, good friend—Mr. Mord.—"

—Written by Mrs. Shaffer in pencil on Y. & M. V. train, night of March 1st, 1900.

"MAN OF FAME"

I have a friend named Mordaunt,
A business man of fame,
Who has a reputation from
'Frisco down to Maine.
His business—why a banker
Upon the Seventh floor,
A private office, telephones,
Stenographers galore.

In dress he has no equal;
Changes by the score.
Stylish suits, fancy vests,
Three dozen, yes, or more.
At entertaining—swell:
A cook, a maid, a butler,
A brindle bull as well.

At present he is busy
With some unlisted stock
And friends from home—
The "Sunny South,"
Who to his office flock.
Now in all the years I've known him,
This business man of fame,
He never made less money,
But he gets there just the same.

Friends I've had, quite plenty,
At least so I believed.
It did not take me very long
To see I was deceived.
But there is one that never faltered,
He's always been the same—
The one that I refer to
Is the gentleman of fame.

—Dedicated to my friend Fred., L. S., Chicago, October 20, 1905.

WITHOUT HANDICAP

From "The Story of the Gadsbys" by Rudyard Kipling.

White hands cling to the tightened rein,
    Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry, "Turn again,"
    Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel:
High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall, but he falls by himself—
    Falls by himself with himself to blame;
One may attain and to him is the pelf,
    Loot of the city in Gold or Fame:
Plunder of earth shall be all his own
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed—
    Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,
Sing the heretical song I have made—
    His be the labor and yours be the spoil.
Win by his aid and the aid disown—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

WITHOUT LOVE

A reply to Kipling, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Who travels alone with his eye on the heights
Tho' he laughs in the daytime, oft weeps through
the nights,
For courage goes down with the set of the sun,
When the toil of the journey is all borne by one.
He speeds but to grief, tho' full gayly he ride,
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

Who travels alone without lover or friend,
But hurries from nothing to naught at the end,
Though great be his winnings, and high be his goal,
He is bankrupt in wisdom, and beggared in soul.
Life's one gift of value to him is denied
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

It is easy enough in this world to make haste
If we live for that purpose, but think of the waste!
For life is a poem to leisurely read,
And the joy of the journey lies not in its speed.
Oh, vain his achievement, and petty his pride,
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

Men differ widely in their opinions of theology, but all agree that Christmas stands for marvelous powers at work in the world.

First: Christmas signifies the divine love for the race. Men in sin naturally hate each other, and strive selfishly for gain or preferment. The idea of love for the race was absolutely new. "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son." This love of God for men included the whole human family. Besides, it was practical—God so loved that he gave; it issued in sacrificing that which was precious for the good of others.

Second: It stands for redeeming power. Men were in sin and helpless. The angel in the Annunciation said, "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins." And again, the angels said to the shepherds on the Beth-

lehem plains, "There is born to you this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Thus in addition to love, Christmas signifies salvation for the human race.

Third: It means peace. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace," were the first strains of the gloria in excelsis. And the world is gradually coming to see the value and the beauty of peace instead of strife. It means peace in the individual heart, then the nation, then the race.

Fourth: Its joy is one of the distinguishing features of the Christmas spirit. There was joy in heaven and joy promised for the earth. The season today is characterized by gladness and good cheer.

For once in the year, at least, the spirit of love and of peace and of joy possesses the hearts of men—the old and young; the great and small; the wise and the simple; the rich and the poor.

A CHILD'S QUESTION

—?—

Mamma, is
the sky a curtain
hiding heaven from our
sight; are the moon and sun
but windows, made to give the
angels light? Are the stars bright
flashing diamonds, shining from God's
hand afar, and the clouds but vales of
vapor, drop ped from heaven floating
there? If the sun's a window, mamma,
don't the an gels through it peep, ere it
kisses earth at evening; watching o'er
us while we sleep? Is the rainbow just
a ribbon gird ling heaven and earth about
or a railing made of roses, so the angels
won't fall out? Is the singing in the
tree tops songs of praise some angel
sings, are the snow flakes of win-
ter, feathers falling from
their wings? Are the dew
drops brightly shining in
early morning hours, kiss
spots left by elves and
fairies where they slept
among the flowers?
Is the lightning
rockets flying
where the
Prince of
Glory
comes

and
the thun-
der but the
rattle of the
baby angels'
drums?
? ? ?

"VIVIAN"

Vivian! Vivian!—how sweet the sound
And, eke, no sweeter maid is found
In all this world, so beauty-filled;
Heav'n ne'er designed nor God e'er willed
A breathing mortal so replete,
From golden crown to dainty feet,
With graces mild, heart, form and mind
In her their brightest temple find.

I sing not of the pomp of power,
Croesus in his little hour;
The flowery fields of summer's flush,
The stormy snows of winter's rush;
Nor art nor greatness tips my quill
With language fit the soul to fill:
I only speak of one I know
Made perfect—of what makes her so.

She has a form!—Oh! ask me not
Its virtues: if't should be your lot
To gaze upon it, you would die
Content. As yet no vulgar eye
Has measured its perfections; then
The dreams of all that might have been,
Compare not with her mind's delights,
And Oh! her heart despair invites.

None could describe it. It has ways
That cheat the gloom of saddest days;
An odor of immortal things
Infestuous, around it clings.
With such a form, with such a heart
With such a mind from all apart,
What wonder if my only lay
About one simple woman play?

Forget the world?—This be my plea,
Vivian is all the world to me,
Science and grandeur count as nought?
More precious lores has Vivian taught.
She taught me mercy's treasure-trove,
And then, alas! she taught me love,
Erstwhile I sighed for others' fame,
To me now glory's but a name.

Friend, let me whisper; would you be
Blest with a thousand joys, like me?—
Go seek some maiden young and kind,
With angel form and mind refined,
And heart a burgeoning blossom rare
As fountains in the desert: Fair
As fate then seemed, it still could be
Not half so fair as Vivian!

—"The Manager."

GOD'S STEWARD

To you who pray by night and day
That Wealth may be your share
And give no place to God's good grace
I say beware, beware!

The fattened purse can bless or curse,
And this we know full well,
Gold paves the street for idle feet
And speeds them fast to Hell.

For Hell is not that final spot
That waits for sin's redress,
It is the sphere all souls find here
Who dwell in selfishness.

Nor, hoofed and horned, by mortals scorned
Do devils skulk below,
But crowned with pelf, and love of self,
Purse proud, through earth they go.

They beggar toil, they seize the soil,
(God's gift to one and all),
They sing loud psalms and scatter alms
That blight where e'er they fall.

With greedy lust and might of trust
They take the laborers' bread,
Nor understand his lifted hand
When offered alms instead.

The thirst for gain blunts heart and brain;
The gold-mad mind is cursed.
Oh, you who pray for wealth today
Seek God's large wisdom first.

No mortal mind alone can find
The gold-paved path to right.
With reverent mien, ask Powers unseen
To lead with love's great light.

TWO SINNERS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There was a man, it is said, one time
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers
abloom,
Crying, "God bless ladye and God bless groom."

* * *

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led;
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in Heaven:
For this is the law of the earth, we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
And the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

NEW YORK, FROM A SKYSCRAPER

By James Oppenheim.

Up in the heights of the evening skies I see my City of cities float
In sunset's golden and crimson dyes: I look, and a great joy clutches my throat!
Plateau of roofs by canyons crossed: windows by thousands fire-unfurled—
O gazing, how the heart is lost in the Deepest City of the World!

O sprawling City! Worlds in a world! Housing each strange type that is human—
Yonder a Little Italy curled—here the haunt of the Scarlet Woman—
The night's white Bacchanals of Broadway—the Ghetto pushcarts ringed with faces—
Wall Street's roar and the Plaza's play—a weltering focus of all Earth's races!

Walking your Night's many-nationed byways—brushing Sicilians and Jews and Greeks—
Meeting gaunt Bread Lines on your highways—watching night-clerks in your flaming peaks—
Marking your Theatres' outpour of splendor—pausing on doorsteps with resting Mothers—
I have marveled at Christs with their messages tender, their daring dream of a World of Brothers!

Brothers? What means Irish to Greek? What the Ghetto to Morningside?
How shall we weld the strong and the weak while millions struggle with light denied?
Yet, but to follow these Souls where they roam—ripping off housetops, the city's mask—
At Night I should find each one in a Home, at Morn I should find each one at a Task!

Labor and Love, four-million divided—surely the millions at last are a-move—
Surely the Brotherhood-slant is decided—the Social Labor, the Social Love!
Surely four millions of Souls close-gathered in this one spot could stagger the world—
O City, Earth's Future is Mothered and Fathered where your great streets feel the Man-tides hurled!

For the Souls in one car where they hang on the straps could send this City a-wing through the starred—
Each man is a tiny Faucet that taps the infinite reservoir of God!—
What if they turned the Faucet full stream? What if our millions tonight were aware?
What if tomorrow they built to their Dream the City of Brothers in laughter and prayer?

I have another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life is incomplete;
Oh! Sweeter Self, like me art thou astray
Trying with all thy heart to find a breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest.

—Boucicault.

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